

THE GIRLS OF LONG AGO.

Oh, the dear old-fashioned girl, that I knew long years ago. When the world, the girl and I were in our prime; She was dear as early snowdrops amid the springtime snow. She was sweet as the wild rose of summertime. And she knew just how to make Pudding and sponge and ginger cake! She could spin and weave and knit the summer through. And the butter, cheese and cream! Why I think I have a dream Of our driving home the cows through starlit dew!

Oh, these vanished modern days! Nothing in them can compare To the husking bees and spelling schools of old; Nothing sets my heart a-dance as the music on the air. Merry jingling of sleighbells in the cold. Oh, those days of long ago. When the winter's frost and snow, Held in close embrace the woodland vale and pool; Wrapped in robes and blankets warm. What cared we for wind and storm. When we gathered at the weekly singing school!

Oh, the old-time singing school, my heart a-thought the faster. But, at the memory of those days of long ago; It keeps the very time of the dear old singing master. Unconsciously I'm humming some tune I used to know!

And in memory once more. At the old red schoolhouse door I'm waiting for "ye maid" of olden times. And I feel her fingers small. Lightly on my coat-sleeve fall. While our hearts are beating to the sleigh-bells' chimes!

Oh, the dear old-fashioned girls have with time grown calm and stately! For I sometimes meet them in the street or store. They nod their pretty heads, smiling at me most sedately. With a flash of eye, or dimple, as of yore. And the gentle tones, the while Of those days we talk and smile. When we all were happy boys and girls together! And the happiness of our themes— Like the dearest of our dreams— Are the singing schools we went to all together!

Oh, those days of long ago! Oh, the boys I used to know! Oh, the girls who made life's sunshine bright and fair! When we've crossed the "great divide" Passed on the other side. We shall meet them, know them, greet them, ever there! —Leslie Griswold, in the Los Angeles Times.

A Question of Proposals.

HAVE something on my mind which is perplexing, rather than unpleasant, but which preoccupies me a good deal.

"If you were a woman," remarked Mrs. Eden, the charming little widow, "I should say you had just received a proposal, and didn't know how to answer it."

"But, being a mere man, I'm in the far more difficult position of having a proposal to make."

"Yet of not being able to make up your mind to whom. Do you mean to tell me that you have a vague desire to propose to woman in general, or to some indefinite yet-to-be-met-with one?"

"I ought to have said 'to which,' for there are two girls—"

"Ah, two girls," repeated Mrs. Eden. "Who are both so charming that I can't decide between them, and so I come to you, as usual, to help me out of my difficulty."

"Then I know these highly fortunate young women, one of whom you intend thus to distinguish?"

"Oh, it's easy to laugh! But you've so often advised me to get married that it's only kind to help me to put your advice into practice. I think you know Margaret Whelan?"

"Intimately. Did I not see her for a whole day in the country last summer? And I approve your taste. She is good to look at."

"Yes, she is handsome. Such a fine figure, and so tall."

"That's her one fault. She's almost too tall. She's taller than you."

"Dear lady. You're quite mistaken. She is three inches at least shorter than I am. She is certainly not more than five feet eight."

"What are inches?" cried his hostess. "A woman is as tall as she looks, and Miss Whelan looks taller than you."

"Do you like her as well as you adore her?" he wanted to know.

"I adore her. Women never do less than adore each other on so short an acquaintance. But I should have got on better with her had I not been so dreadfully afraid of her."

"Why on earth should you be afraid of her?"

"O, she's so clever, so well informed."

"She is well informed."

"While I, you know, am such a perfect little ignoramus."

"I know nothing of the sort. In your own way you are immensely clever, too."

"But in what a commonplace way! I can keep house, certainly, am out of debt, and I could make my own clothes and cook my own dinner, if it were necessary; but, then, any woman can sew and cook."

"I wish to heaven any woman could! I wish my landlady could!"

"But I can't read Greek, as Miss Whelan does. She carries a pocket Aristophanes with her up the river, and we could see her now and again enjoying silent laughter as she read. It's uncommonly clever to enjoy Greek jokes, isn't it? But, then, of course, you and she could enjoy them together."

"Oh, as to my Greek," said Holt, and with a shake of his head he flung his last memories of it afar. "Margaret, you see, studied at Girton."

"Could I fail to see it? Girton is written all over her in indelible ink. It exudes from her manner, which is an impressive manner, an overwhelming one. A manner which puts me altogether in the shade in spite of the fact that I'm a widow with gray hairs."

"Have you gray hairs?" asked Holt, much interested. "I don't see any."

"There was certainly one there yesterday. Well, at least, Miss Whelan need never fear gray hairs. Her hair is too pale colored to show any."

"She has curiously colorless hair, I admit," said Holt. It would almost

justify the use of hair dye. Kitty Redfern's hair is much prettier."

"So the other one is Kitty? Dear little Kitty! I like Kitty. Every one likes her. It would be impossible not to do so, for she agrees with every one and is of your own opinion even before you've expressed it. She's so beautifully feminine."

Holt assented. "She's like the finest, the most plastic clay, the whitest un-worked marble."

"You are too intelligent. There are many men for whom Kitty Redfern would be ideal; for the man who merely requires a presentable mistress of his house, a healthy mother for his children. But you need something more than this; you need a companion."

"With whom I can enjoy Greek jokes. Which brings me back to Margaret Whelan, does it not?"

"Oh, but a companion who is also a good comrade. Some one who can appreciate your own little things as well as those of Aristophanes. Now, I should scarcely venture to try any joke on Miss Whelan which was less than a thousand years old. On the whole, I don't consider her any more suitable than Kitty. Less so, in fact. For if one doesn't want too much concession in a woman, neither does he want too forcible opposition. And Miss Whelan can be forcible. I've heard her."

"So have I," murmured Holt, reminiscently. "But perhaps you will make a suggestion yourself?"

"My suggestion would be such an exceedingly obvious one—"

"Which is actually the reason I can't see it for myself."

"It is merely that you should make an effort to obtain the woman you're in love with."

"But surely I'm more or less in love with Margaret and Kitty, too?"

"Believe me, very much less rather than more."

"Dear lady! By what signs do you judge me?"

"By these signs," Mrs. Eden told him.

"When you are really in love with a woman, you don't weigh her in the balance with any one else. She stands above every one, unique and alone. You don't ask other women their opinion of her; you force their opinion on them. You are in her society as often as you can manage it, and you are filled with solitude for her welfare whenever she is out of your sight. You joke with her, laugh with her, discuss with her and disagree with her. You quarrel with her and make it up again. You lay open to her the subject you have nearest your heart, and in any difficulty your first thought is to take her advice."

"But there's no woman in the world toward whom I feel like that but you," said Holt, with sincerity. "And—and—but why? What a fool you must think me!"

He moved close beside Mrs. Eden on the sofa and took her hand between his own.

"Dear—my dear Mrs. Eden"—he asked her persuasively, "do you think you could ever get to love me the least bit?"

Mrs. Eden turned away to hide her smiles, and having subdued them, turned back with a histrionic word of surprise upon her tongue tip, but, looking straight into his eyes, she suddenly threw away play acting and gave him the warm and happy truth.

"You dear and foolish person!" she murmured, "could you not see I have loved you for ever so long?"

But Holt, who hid some wisdom beneath much apparent folly, was wise enough to let this query fall.—New York News.

Art and Anarchy.

If what I have written thus far reads like a jeremiad, it is fair to say that, in the opinion of many who have to live in it, the soft coal smoke is not so black as painted. Your true Pittsburg glories in his city's soot, for it means business, prosperity, comfort as one goes along, and opportunity to escape by and by.

Great artists from abroad are apt to take sides with him. The soft coal towns have what American landscape generally lacks—atmosphere and aerial perspective. Our Eastern cities—New York in especial—have always been distinguished by an almost disagreeable clarity and brilliance. Everything looks fresh. One who came recently from a Western city to Boston said that he was impressed much as a miner would be who should be brought straight out of a coal shaft into a theatre. The glitter was astounding. In Chicago and other soft coal cities the interplay of smoke and sunlight daily gives color such as has rarely been seen in our unlighted air. This is the sort of color that Svend Svensen revels in—over all a haze of burnt sienna hue, and on sidewalk or snow the delicate purple shadows. The gold and copper of the afternoon light is often tropical in its fullness. We shall see greater glories, even if we pay larger laundry bills.—Boston Transcript.

On His Guard.

"Doc," he said, as he hurried into the famous oculist's office. "I've got something in my eye and it's nearly killing me."

"Just take a seat in this chair," the doctor answered, "and we'll have it out in a jiffy."

The sufferer sat down and drew a long breath. Then he suddenly straightened up, as the doctor was about to proceed, and said: "Hold on. By George, I want some friend here as a witness."

"Pshaw! Put your head back. There isn't any danger at all. I shan't injure your eye or you either. It'll be over in just—"

"But how do I know it mightn't be a piece of hard coal that's in there, and what'll prevent you from gettin' it away from me while I'm not lookin'?" —Chicago Record-Herald.

Confucius.

Confucius had just received a licking from his father. He sat down to deliberate, but for certain reasons immediately stood up. Furtively looking at the old man he was heard to murmur, "Worship your ancestors, or your ancestors will horsewhip you." Hence the Confucian philosophy.—Brooklyn Life.

Economy.

The question of economy depends very largely upon the strength of a man's desires.—New York News.

PICTURESQUE NEW ZEALAND.

BY SIDNEY DICKINSON, F.R.G.S.

WHENEVER Nature prepares a continent for the abode of man, she puts beside it some conspicuous island. Europe has its Great Britain; America, its Cuba; Africa, its Madagascar; and Asia, its Japan; and we shall find, in every instance, that either



MAORI CHIEF AND HUT.

In natural beauty or in developed strength of national character, these islands exercise a strong influence upon the mind of the sympathetic traveler. The great island continent of Australia is no exception to this general rule. If we compare her with Europe, then shall we find in New Zealand the Lesser Britain of the



SKELTON OF "MOA," AN EXTINCT NEW ZEALAND BIRD.

southern seas. It is a very strange and interesting country which lies almost beneath our feet—a country comparatively little known as yet, but coming yearly into better knowledge because of its unexampled beauties and as a resort for the invalid, the tourist and the pleasure seeker.

It has a stern, rugged coast, of volcanic origin; the whole stretch of this coast is cut out into deep and narrow channels, hollowed out in caves, wrought in shape of pinnacles and spires; no coast is more fantastic, none is more dreaded by mariners.

The great attraction of the North Island of New Zealand, and one of the world's most remarkable wonders, is found in the hot lakes—certainly one of the strangest and weirdest regions on the face of the earth. The entrance into this country is through a land of broad and rolling fields, luscious rivers and jagged mountains,

to preserve the store of maize and sweet potatoes from the ravages of rats, upon which animals the Maoris take revenge by serving them up in a nutritious friandise. As for the natives themselves (who are called the Maoris), let us intrude for a moment upon the privacy of this chief whom we here see enjoying a virtuous repose at the door of his hut. This chief attained considerable fame a number of years ago as companion of that notorious Chief Tekeu in his historic raid against the undefended inhabitants of Poverty Bay, where more than two-score men, women and children were massacred. It is not a great many years ago that a worthy chief, having conquered a number of his enemies in battle, had his prisoners ranged in a row on the ground before him, and with his greenstone war club, dashed out the brains of two hundred and fifty of them with his own hand, then threw aside his blood-stained weapon and said, "I am tired; let the rest live," and ordered the carcasses dragged to the ovens.

The Maoris have lost very much of their former skill in architecture and in artistic decoration. To observe of what the former race was capable, let us look for a moment upon this carved front of one of the Maori meeting houses still found here and there about the North Island. It is very curious, interesting and artistic, too, in a rude decorative sort of way. The figures here are quaint, pot-bellied monstrosities and goggling eyes of mother-of-pearl and hands so imposed as to suggest the pangs of stomach ache. These figures are not ideal, but are, in point of fact, the portraits of deceased ancestors of the tribe, and appear in the Maori eye as authentic likenesses.

Maori tattooing is something remarkable and still further illustrates the very curious ideas of beauty prevalent among these people in the ancient time. As the Maoris gave over fighting the causes for these hideous disfigurements (whose purpose was to strike terror into the heart of an enemy), passed away. In order to appreciate the full extent of a tattooed warrior's countenance, however, you must imagine the owner of it over six feet high and nearly naked; his features distorted with rage and his tongue hanging out; loud yells issuing from his throat; arms flourishing battle-axe and war-club, and the whole

masses of vapor into the air. Descending to the shores of this curious lake, we find ourselves walking about in a vapor bath. All around us and close at our feet, as we step gingerly along the narrow pathway, the shallow water of innumerable springs boils and bubbles and the air is filled with the sound of its simmering. If you have any curiosity to know how it feels to have your leg boiled, step but one foot off the narrow pathway and you may make that addition to your store of useful knowledge with surprising suddenness.

A place like this is, of course, a perfect godsend to the Maoris. They can soak themselves all day in the warm weather; cook their meat and potatoes simply by hanging them in their nets in the corner of a boiling spring, and live as happily, lazily and uselessly as the pigs that share their houses and fortunes. All you have to do to launder clothes is to soak a garment in a hot soda spring and then wash it out in warm, clear water in another spring, and there you are. Even if a Maori has but one garment, he is not ashamed. He washes it and hangs it on the fence and sits down in the costume of the Greek Slave until it dries.

Each of these floating black heads you see in the warm baths will have a black pipe in his mouth; and if the weather is foul, you may see individuals holding umbrellas over their heads.

Near by is the great geyser of Whakarewarewa, rising from a cone like the most exquisite coral, by which you can climb to the mouth of the crater. There is a dull, thumping sound far down below. You look over to see what is going on; a spurt of hot steam close to your nose suggests caution; you draw back, and a bushel of diamonds are thrown into the air and rattle down the sides of the cone. It is nothing but drops of pure hot water; but it looks like diamonds in the sunlight. Then there is a sudden roar; the air scintillates; and it seems as if all the jewelers' shops had been exploded at once. I have seen many manifestations of Nature in my time; but few where she displays at once her power and her beauty so completely as in this great geyser.

A good many naturalists are of the opinion that the giant bird of New



SPECIMEN OF MAORI TATTOOING.

The soil is used chiefly for grazing, and a large population is moving already into this beautiful region and doing extremely well with dairy farms and fruit orchards.

stupendous aggregation coming down in your immediate neighborhood at the high rate of twelve good English miles an hour. The ancestors of these Maoris were an interesting and intel-

ligent race; and the present degradation cannot be too much deplored. This gentleman was a king, and his name was as elaborate as his facial adornment, namely: Tawhiao Matutiere to Puke-Puke to Pawa to Korate to a Potatau to Whero-Whero.

Finally we came to Oxford, the termination of the railway line; and after a night spent in a very comfortable hotel, we took our seats on the top of one of Carter's line of American-built coaches to undertake the thirty-four miles' drive lying between us and Lake Rotorua. About the third of this distance lies through the "Eleven Mile Bush," where we catch glimpses



MAORI CHIEF AND HUT.

of pleasant scenery. As we approach the town of Ohinemutu, which lies upon the shore of Lake Rotorua, we begin to discern the odor of sulphur. Our road into the town lies between two streams of nearly boiling water; and in the fields upon either side innumerable steam holes blow great



DAUGHTER OF CHIEF, SHOWING FEMALE TATTOOING.

among flowering plants. Numerous facts indicate a tendency in fungi to assume a guise which helps either to protect the plant or to promote the fertilization, germination or dispersion of its spores. If, as some mycologists believe, spores benefit by being swallowed by animals, it is easy to understand

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IRISH STIR PARLIAMENT

The British Government Charged With Jury Packing.

DISORDERLY SCENES IN HOUSE

The Attorney-General For Ireland Uses the Word "Accordably" in Reply to Mr. O'Brien's Assertion and is Hissed—Derisive Cries For Secretary Wyndham—Land Purchase Bill Withdrawn.



FRONT OF TRIBAL ASSEMBLY HOUSE.

like the one whose skeleton is here depicted, are about thirteen feet in height. At sight of such, no doubt, the hunter's jaw would drop, his arms fall down; while as for the moa, he would undoubtedly gallop off as rapidly in the opposite direction, for according to the local tradition these birds were very timid. It is supposed—in fact, it is known—that within the last hundred years these birds have been alive and walking about in New Zealand. During my visit there I was presented with a thigh bone of one of these birds, which thigh bone was half as tall as myself.—Scientific American.

Fungi, That Look Like Birds' Nests.

The Rev. A. S. Wilson contributes to Knowledge an article on "Vegetable Mimicry," in which he says: "Odd resemblances to various objects, which can only be regarded as accidental coincidences, are presented by a number of fungi. There is the Jew's ear fungus, which grows on stumps of the elder, and is so named from its unmistakable likeness to a human ear. The Geasters are curiously like starfish; Aspergillus has an extraordinary resemblance, both in form and color, to a sea anemone; equally remarkable is the likeness to a bird's nest seen in species of Crucibulum, Cyathus and Nidularia. Though most of these are too small to impose on one, the resemblance is singularly exact, and a large specimen might almost pass for the nest of some small bird, the eggs being admirably represented by the little oval fruits of the fungus. Even in such cases we must not too rashly conclude that the resemblance confers no advantage. The existence of attractive characters in so many fungi points to the conclusion that the same principles are in operation among them as

London.—"The greater the scandal in the Irish constabulary, the surer he is of being shielded and promoted," exclaimed William O'Brien in the House of Commons.

He was speaking on his motion to take up the case of former Police Sergeant Sullivan, now in America, who is accused by the Irish of getting innocent persons convicted through perjury and forgery.

The motion was made after the Irish Nationalists had bombarded Irish Secretary Wyndham with queries, interruptions and contradictions of his statements about the imprisoning of Irish members, had met his replies with storms of derisive cries, mingled with hisses, and had kept the Speaker busy suppressing demonstrations which threatened to develop into disorder.

Mr. O'Brien said he regarded the Sullivan case of greater gravity than that of Sergeant Sheridan, because Sullivan's plot against the Irish League was of the same sort as the Pigott forgeries against Parnell. Mr. O'Brien said the Government packed the jury to acquit Sullivan, and then spent an enormous amount to shield him from justice.

Mr. Atkins, Attorney-General for Ireland, taunted Mr. O'Brien with being too cowardly to take this case into the law courts.

This brought shouts of "Withdraw!" from the Irish benches.

Mr. O'Brien asked whether Mr. Atkins's remark was disorderly or not. Speaker Gully did not take the remark as calling Mr. O'Brien a coward, but as applying to his course.

The Attorney-General withdrew his expression and scored Mr. O'Brien for making infamous charges against the Crown without proof.

Mr. Wyndham asserted that Mr. O'Brien's charge had been completely disposed of.

T. P. O'Connor said the debate filled him with more despair than any he had ever before heard in the House. He reiterated the charge that the Government packed the Sullivan jury with Protestants and Unionists.

Mr. O'Brien's motion was rejected by 215 votes to 117.

Mr. Wyndham then explained that it would be impossible to pass the Irish Land Purchase bill this session, but he hoped to introduce next session a new bill for voluntary arrangements between the parties concerned. He moved that the Land Purchase bill be withdrawn, which was agreed to.

SLAIN BY A HUNTER.

One Man Shot Dead and Another Injured Slightly at North Walpole, Vt.

Bellows Falls, Vt.—One man is dead and another is suffering from wounds at North Walpole caused by a shot from a rifle fired by an unidentified hunter near the base of Mount Kilburn.

The dead man was Fred McCalum, of Plattsburg, N. Y., and the wounded one is E. O. Young. There is no doubt that the fatality was the result of an accident, and that the man who fired the shot had no idea of its serious result.

McCalum and Young had been up the mountain and had nearly reached the base on their return when they heard sounds of a gun below. The next instant McCalum fell with a shot in his breast. He was killed outright. Flying shot at the same time struck Young on the fingers and in the leg, besides grazing his forehead. Young was able to make his way to a house and give the alarm, and McCalum's body was carried to North Walpole.

Just before the shot was heard a man had been seen going down the mountain side, but he disappeared, and it is thought he must have fired at game, not expecting that his charge would hit human beings.

THREE KILLED IN A FEUD.

Fitted Battle Fought in Texas Between Family Factions.

Groesbeck, Texas.—A pitched battle was fought in the country, four miles from here, between the Thomason and Rutherford factions. The trouble grew out of rent and had been pending for some time.

The men, two representatives of each family, met and the shooting followed, the fight being at close range.

D. Thomason, Robert Rutherford and William Rutherford were killed. Wallace Thomason escaped without a scratch. He has surrendered, but refuses to talk about the affair.

AN INSURANCE MERGER.

Fidelity Trust of Newark to Control Prudential Company of America.

New York City.—At a meeting of the Fidelity Trust Company, of Newark, it was announced that the company will purchase a controlling interest in the Prudential Insurance Company of America. The Fidelity Trust Company succeeded the Fidelity Title and Deposit Company and is practically an annex of the Prudential Insurance Company and its financial agent.

An offer of \$875 was made for Fidelity stock and the last quotation on Prudential was \$800 asked and \$775 bid.

Eight Men Scalded, Three Fatally.

By the non scaling of a steam pipe at the Riverside plant of the National Tube Works in Benwood, W. Va., eight men were scalded. William Anderson, Henry Westenhaver and W. H. Jones were fatally injured.

California's Venues Murdered.

Marian Nolan, a young woman who became famous on the Pacific coast in 1883 as the "California Venus," was shot and killed at San Francisco, Cal., by Edward Marschütz, a stenographer, who then killed himself.

Want Miss Stone's Ransom Repaid.

Missionary societies have formally requested the State Department, at Washington, to make a demand on Turkey for repayment of the amount of ransom paid on account of the release of Miss Ellen Stone. The State Department, however, has not assured itself that the responsibility rests upon Turkey.

Nebraska Banks Prosperous.

The total deposits of the 460 State banks in Nebraska are \$38,050,000, which is an increase of \$1,586,699, as compared with the last statement.